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H Y M N S
F O R

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

SELECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

AND INTENDED

AS A SUPPLEMENT TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS.

Sing ye praises with understanding.

DAVID.

WARRINGTON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR.

MDCCLXXII.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

1899

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.

ASTOR
LENOX
AND
TILDEN

P R E F A C E.

THE Editor of this compilation is sensible that the Psalms of David are an excellent model of religious poesy, and that Dr. WATTS, in his imitation of them, has adapted them with great judgment and ability to the use of christian societies. At the same time he apprehends, that there are many other valuable compositions of the same kind, which might be introduced with great propriety and advantage into public worship. He therefore offers

offers the following Colle
of Hymns to the public, n
a substitute for Dr. WA
Psalms, but as an Append
them. The principal mat
have been gathered from WA
DODDRIDGE, and ADDISON.
these are interspersed many p
selected from various aut
and some original composi
for which the Editor ack
ledges himself wholly inde
and greatly obliged, to his fri

A TA

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	Behold

A

N. B. The Hymns marked thus * are Originals.

Behold the path which mortals tread
 Behold a wretch in woe *
 Behold where breathing love divine *
 Blest be the everlasting God
 Blest are the humble souls that see
 Broad is the road that leads to death

CAN creatures to perfection find
 Come, let us join our chearful songs
 Come, let us search our ways and try
 Come we who love the Lord
 Come hither all ye weary souls

DO not I love thee, O my Lord

EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend
 Eternal God, almighty cause
 Eternal pow'r, whose high abode
 Eternal source of ev'ry joy
 Eternal sov'reign of the skies

FAIREST of all the lights above
 Father divine, thy piercing eye
 Father of mercies, God of love *
 Father divine, the Saviour cried
 Father of all, in ev'ry age
 Father of all, eternal mind
 Father of light, we sing thy name
 Father of men, thy care we bless
 Father of men, who can complain *

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IMPOSTURE.

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light *
 I sing th' almighty pow'r of God
 I sing my Saviour's wond'rous death
 If solid happiness we prize

JEHOVAH reigns, let every nation hear *
 Jesus invites his saints
 Join all the glorious names
 Join all the names of love and pow'r

KEEP silence all created things

LET those who bear the christian name
 Let everlasting glories crown
 Let others boast how strong they be
 Life is the time to serve the Lord
 Lo! what an entertaining fight
 Look round, O man, survey this globe
 Lord, how secure and blest are they
 Lord, thou art good, all nature shows
 Lord of the sabbath, hear our vows
 Lord, we adore thy wond'rous name

MARK, when tempestuous winds arise *
 Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven
 Must friends and kindred droop and die
 My God, permit me not to be
 My wakened soul extend thy wings
 My great Redeemer, and my Lord
 My God, the cov'nant of thy love

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	Sov'reign

Sov'reign of life, before thine eye
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears

THE glories of our maker God
The Lord of glory reigns supremely great
The Lord my pasture shall prepare
The spacious firmament on high
Thee we adore, eternal God
Th' uplifted eye and bended knee *
There is a land of pure delight
Thou, Lord, thro' every changing scene
Thro' endless years thou art the same
Thus far the Lord has led me on
Thus faith the wisdom of the Lord
Time what an empty vapour 'tis
'Tis by the faith of joys to come
'Tis wisdom's earnest cry *
To thee, my God, my days are known
To God who reigns above the skies
To God the only wise
Twas God who fix'd the rolling spheres
'Twas not to bathe in *Jordan's* flood *

WAS pride, alas! e'er made for man *
We blest the prophet of the Lord
Welcome, sweet day of rest
When all thy mercies, O my God
When *Abra'm*, full of sacred awe
When I can read my title clear
When in the light of faith divine
Wherewith shall I approach the Lord

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E R R A T A.

- Page 3. line 18. for *the* read *thy*.
 Page 19. line 17. for *noblest* read *nobler*.
 Page 29. last line. for *lusture* read *lustre*.
 Page 159. line 7. for *moon* read *morn*.
 Page 164. line 14, for *pow'rs* read *pow'r*.

H Y M N S

F O R

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

GOD the proper Object of Praise.

I.

YE sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt your great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

II.

Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears:
His boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.

III.

To God all nature owes it's birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
A He

He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.

IV.

In all our Maker's vast designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, thro' all this wond'rous fr:
Bear the great impress of his name.

V.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Our souls his high perfections sing ;
O let his praise employ our tongues,
And list'ning worlds approve the song

HYMN II. Long Metre.

The one living and true GOD.

I.

ETERNAL GOD, almighty cau:
Of earth and seas and worlds unk:
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.

II.

Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself posselt :
Controul'd by none are thy commands
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

III.

To thee alone ourselves we owe;
 Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
 All other Gods we disavow,
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

IV.

Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;
 Their idol deities dethrone;
 Reduce the world to thy command,
 And reign, as thou art, God alone.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The Immutability of GOD.

I.

THRO' endless years thou art the same,
 O thou eternal God!
 Ages to come shall know thy name,
 And tell thy works abroad.

II.

The strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid;
 By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
 With matchless skill was made.

III.

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
 Form'd by the pow'rful hand,
 Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
 And chang'd at thy command.

A 2

But

IV.

But thy perfections, all-divine,
 Eternal as thy days,
 Thro' everlasting ages shine,
 With undiminish'd rays.

V.

Thy servants children, still thy care,
 Shall own their father's God;
 To latest times thy favour share,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

HYMN IV. Common Metre.

GOD eternal.

I.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
 And call forth ev'ry tuneful sound,
 To praise th' eternal God.

II.

Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,
 JEHOVAH fill'd his throne;
 Ere men were form'd or angels made,
 The Maker liv'd alone.

III.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their prime:

ETERNITY

ETERNITY's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

IV.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

V.

The seas and skies must perish too,
And vast destruction come ;
The creatures, look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom !

VI.

Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies ;
My GOD shall live an endless day,
When this creation dies.

HYMN V. Common Metre.

The Greatness of GOD.

I.

KEEP silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's word ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her LORD.

II.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :

A 3

H

He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

III.

Ten thousand ages e'er the skies
Were into motion brought;
All future years, and worlds to come,
Stood present to his thought.

IV.

His mighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign;
And lo, ten thousand worlds of light
In fields of azure shine.

V.

His wisdom with superior sway,
Guides the vast-moving frame;
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

The Power of GOD.

I.

'T WAS GOD who fix'd the rolling sphere
And stretch'd the boundless sky;
Who form'd the plan of endless years
And bade the ages rise.

II.

From everlasting is his might,
 Immense and unconfin'd ;
 He pierces thro' the realms of light,
 And rides upon the wind.

III.

He speaks, great nature's wheels stand still,
 And leave their wonted round ;
 The mountains melt, each trembling hill
 Forfakes its ancient bound.

IV.

He scatters nations with his breath ;
 The scatter'd nations fly :
 Plague pestilence and spreading death
 Confess the godhead nigh.

V.

The worlds, and ev'ry living thing,
 Fulfil his high command ;
 Pay dutious homage to your king,
 And own his ruling hand.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

The Faithfulness of GOD.

I.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing ;

A 4

The

The mightier works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

II.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And found his pow'r abroad ;
Sing the kind promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

III.

Proclaim, " salvation from the LORD,
For sinful dying men ;"
His hand hath writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

IV.

Engrav'd as in eternal bras
The gracious promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase
The everlasting lines.

V.

His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice which rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

The Goodness of GOD.

I.

LORD, thou art good ; all nature
Thee full, and free, and kind

Thy bounty thro' creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

II.

The whole and ev'ry part proclaims
Thine infinite good-will ;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from ev'ry hill.

III.

It spreads thro' all the spreading main,
And thro' the heav'ns more wide ;
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.

IV.

Long hath it been diffus'd abroad,
Thro' years and ages past ;
And its rich stores, all-bounteous God,
For ever still shall last.

V.

Thro' the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy thro' ev'ry part :
LORD, let such love attract mine eyes,
And captivate my heart.

VI.

High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move ;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

HYMN IX. As the 150th Psalm.

The never-ceasing Goodness of GOD.

I.

HOUSE of our GOD, with chearful anthems
 While all our lips and hearts his goodness
 With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim;
 Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.
 The LORD is good, his mercy never-ending,
 His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

II.

The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;
 Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
 His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
 Unmingled, ever-growing, hath been known;
 Thro' your immortal life with love encreasing,
 Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing.

III.

Thou earth, enlightned by his rays divine,
 Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
 Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet
 And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
 With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,
 Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

IV.

His goodness never ends; the dawn, the shade
 Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd
 Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their father's God.
 The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

V.

Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join
 Angels and men in harmony combine;

While human years are measur'd by the sun,
 And while eternity its course shall run,
 His goodness, in perpetual show'rs descending,
 Exalt in songs, and raptures never-ending.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

Personal Mercies thankfully acknowledged.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 Which glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

number'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Ere my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless step I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

PAUSE.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly b'
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a chearful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And, after death in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O LORD,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Thro' all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For oh ! eternity alone
 Can utter all thy praise.

HYMN XI. Long Metre.

The Mercies of GOD gratefully acknowledged.

I.

AWAKE, my soul, awake my tongue ;
 My God demands the grateful song :
 Let

Let all my inmost pow'rs record
The wond'rous goodness of the LORD.

II.

Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with a father's love.

III.

My youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His hand sustains my growing years;
He satisfies my mouth with food,
And feeds my hopes with heav'nly good.

IV.

His mercy, with unchanging rays,
For ever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the LORD,

V.

To those who, with religious awe,
Love and obey his sacred law,
Whose hearts with pure devotion glow,
Whose lives their grateful homage show.

VI.

While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the sacred song.

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

The Compassion of GOD.

I.

THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
 Who dost our cares controul,
 And with the chearful smile of peace
 Revive the fainting soul !

II.

Ever thy relenting ear
 The humble plea disdain ?
 When did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
 Or supplicate, in vain ?

III.

Press'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
 In penitential tears,
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.

IV.

Give life from thy refreshing grace
 Our sinking hearts receive ;
 Thy gentlest best lov'd attribute,
 To pity and forgive.

V.

From that blest source propitious hope
 Appears serenely bright,

And

And sheds her soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

VI.

Our griefs confess her vital pow'r,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

HYMN XIII. Common Metre.

GOD the Creator.

I.

O LORD, how excellent thy name
How glorious to behold,
Engraven fair on all thy works,
In characters of gold !

II.

On heav'ns unmeasurable face,
In lines immensely great ;
In small, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Creator GOD is writ.

III.

Tho' reason be not giv'n to all
Nor voice to thee, O Sun !
Their maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.

IV.

From land to land, from world to world,
 Thy fame is echo'd round ;
 And ages, as they pass, transmit
 The never-dying found.

V.

Angels, the eldest sons of light,
 Began the lofty song :
 They saw the heav'ns expand abroad,
 And earth on nothing hung.

VI.

Then Man, the last and noblest work
 Of all this nether frame,
 With the first vital breath he drew,
 Confess'd from whence he came.

VII.

Let men unite to praise their God,
 Let them adore his name ;
 The wonders of his pow'r and love
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

HYMN XIV. Proper Tune.

All Creatures called upon to praise GOD.

I.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name ;

Lo !

Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

II.

Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wond'rous mercy sing;
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

III.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r:
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal king;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

IV.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise him who bid you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air
And breathe it to the soul.

V.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and flocks
Ye chearful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,

To him who shap'd your finer mold,
 Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

VI.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ ;
 Spread the creator's name around,
 Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

HYMN XV. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD from all Creatures.

I.

THE glories of our maker God
 Our joyful tongues shall sing ;
 And call the nations to adore
 Their former and their king.

II.

'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
 And wrought this wond'rous frame ;
 But from his own celestial breath,
 Our noblest spirits came.

III.

We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
 And worship with our tongues :

We

We claim some kindred with ...
And join the heav'nly songs.

IV.

Let beasts, which in the pastures feed,
Or in the desarts lie,
Fishes that move within the seas,
And fowls beneath the sky ;

V.

Let rocks, and woods, and fires, and
Their various tribute bring ;
And one united anthem raise
To God, all nature's king.

VI.

Ye planets, to his honour shine,
As thro' your orbs you run ;
Praise him in your eternal course
Around the steady sun.

VII.

The glory of our maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN XVI. Long Metre

GOD known by his Works

I.

GREAT is our God ; his wo
To praise his glorious nan

Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand,
And wait obedient his command.

II.

His hand unseen sustains the poles
On which the vast creation rolls ;
The starry skies proclaim his pow'r,
His pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r.

III.

In various shapes and colours, rise
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes ;
And beast and birds, with lab'ring throat,
Teach us a God in ev'ry note.

IV.

Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

HYMN XVII. Long Metre.

Praise to GOD from all Nature.

I.

NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King :
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

Begin

II.

Begin to make his glories known,
Ye angels, that surround his throne;
Exalt your strains, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

III.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours and our joys.

IV.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

The GOD of Nature worshipped.

I.

HAIL, King supreme! all wise and good!
To thee our thoughts we raise,
While nature's beauties, wide display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view;

And,

And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever knew.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the rising face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,
With thousand beauties shine;
The silent grove, and awful shade
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree a constant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To thee their chearful notes they swell,
And chaunt their grateful song.

VI.

Great nature's God, still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works instructive page.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

Contemplations of the divine works.

I.

LOOK round, O man! survey this globe;
Speak of creating pow'r;

See, nature gives a diff'rent robe
To ev'ry herb and flow'r.

II.

See various beings fill the air,
And people earth and sea;
What grateful changes form the ye
How constant night and day!

III.

Then turn into thyself, O man;
With wonder view thy soul;
Confess his pow'r who laid each pla
And still directs the whole.

IV.

And let obedience to his laws
Thy gratitude proclaim,
To him the first almighty cause;
JEHOVAH is his name.

HYMN XX. Long Metre

Praise to GOD from the heavenly

I.

THE spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sk
And spangled heav'ns, a shining fr
Their great original proclaim.

II.

Th' unweary'd fun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

IV.

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

B

HYMN

T

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the Lord

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the sphere,
And with unweary'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years ;

II.

Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays :
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon ;

IV.

Arise, and to that sov'reign pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

V.

Ye stars that gild the evening sky.
And cheer the gloomy face of night

Praise him who plac'd your orbs on high,
And out of darkness call'd up light.

VI.

O GOD of glory, GOD of love,
Thou art the sun that makes our days :
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

The Divine Perfections.

I.

GREAT GOD! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy ;
My lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

II.

The earth and stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne ;
All nature rests upon his word,
And men and angels own their LORD.

III.

His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows ?
If he command, who dares oppose ?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

IV.

Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
 Or guide the counsels of his will?
 His wisdom, like a sea divine,
 Flows deep and high above our line.

V.

Th' eternal law before him stands;
 His justice, with impartial hands,
 Divides to all their due reward,
 Or by the sceptre, or the sword.

VI.

His love reveals a smiling face,
 His truth and promise seal the grace:
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.

VII.

The God of heaven doth condescend
 To be our father and our friend;
 We love his name; we love his word;
 Join all our pow'rs to praise the LORD.

HYMN XXIII. As 150th Psalm.

Praise to the Creator.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let every nation hear,
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
 Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,

And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim,
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding,
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs founding.

II.

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land,
JEHOVAH reigns, unbounded, and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne ;
He reigns alone, let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

III.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of antient night,
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life ;
Seasons and months began their long procession
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

IV.

The joyful sun sprung up th' etherial way
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay ;
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night,
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,
Numerous as dew drops from the womb of morning.

V.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers he drest,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast ;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round her winding shores,
The new born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

VI.

At length she rose compleat in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless like a virgin bride,
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as the flood

Her maker blest his work, and call'd it good ;
The morning stars with joyful acclamation
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

VII.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand must pass away ;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings ;
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

VIII.

The sun himself with weary clouds oppress'd
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest,
His golden urn shall broke, and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky :
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

IX.

But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy throne,
JEHOVAH reigns, a universe alone,
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame
Collected, or diffus'd is still the same,
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

X.

But Oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise ;
Cease, cease, your songs, the daring flight controul,
Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYM

HYMN XXIV. Common Metre.

The eternal Dominion of GOD.

I.

GREAT GOD! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

II.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

III.

Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky,
 To the great burning day.

IV.

Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there's nothing old appears;
 Great God! there's nothing new.

V.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares,

B 4

While

While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

VI.

Great God ! how infinite art thou !

What worthless worms are we !

Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I.

I SING th'almighty pow'r of God,
That bade the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

II.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

III.

I sing the goodness of the LORD,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lr

IV.

LORD, how thy wonders are display'd,

Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

V.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

VII.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh ?

HYMN XXVI. Long Metre.

The universal Providence of GOD.

I.

THE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim :

B 5

He

He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.

II.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.

III.

Nor to the human race alone,
Is his paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy his universal care.

IV.

Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death :
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.

H Y M N XXVII. Long Metre.

The providential Goodness of GOD.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

II.

Sing to the LORD, the just, the good ;
He fills our hearts with joy and food ;
He pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

III.

He sends the sun his circuit round,
To chear the fruits, to warm the ground :
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

IV.

He makes the grafs the hills adorn,
And cloaths the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

V.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong ;
He heals the weak and guards the strong.

VI.

The wonders which his love hath wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.

VII.

Praise ye the LORD : my heart shall join,
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now while this earth is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

HYMN XXVIII. Short Metre.

Praise to GOD from all Nations.

I.

YE nations, praise the LORD,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

II.

While angels sound his praise,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours raise;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

III.

Praise him with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

IV.

Far be his honour spread;
And let his praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

V.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Hx

HYMN XXIX. Short Metre.

Sincere Praise.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
 How wondrous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Thro' the creation's frame!

II.

Nature in every drefs
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undiffembled praise.

III.

My foul would rife and fing
 To her Creator too,
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the homage due.

IV.

Let joy and worship fpend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God, my foul, afcend,
 In grateful fongs of praise.

HYMN

HYMN XXX. Proper Tune.

Saints called upon to praise GOD.

I.

O PRAISE ye the LORD ; prepare a new song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join ;
 With voices united the anthem prolong ;
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.

II.

Let praise to the God who made us ascend ;
 Let each grateful heart exult in its king ;
 For God whom we worship our songs will attend,
 And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.

III.

Be joyful, ye saints sustain'd by his might,
 And let your glad songs awake with each morn ;
 For those who obey him are still his delight ;
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

IV.

Then praise ye the LORD ; prepare a new song ;
 And let all his saints in full concert join ;
 With voices united the anthem prolong ;
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.

HYMN XXXI. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of GOD.

I.

WITH all our pow'rs of heart and tongue,
 We'll praise our Maker in our songs.

Angels

Angels shall hear the notes we raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

II.

Angels, who make his church their care,
Shall witness our devotion there;
While holy zeal directs our eyes,
To his fair temple in the skies.

III.

We bless our God, who reigns above,
Whose thoughts are kind, whose name is love;
Whose bounty thro' creation flows,
And life and bliss on all bestows.

IV.

He built the earth, he spread the sky;
He fix'd the starry lights on high;
He fills the sun with morning light,
And bids the moon direct the night.

V.

His goodness crowns each op'ning day;
His wisdom guides our doubtful way;
He guards us by his pow'ful hand,
And brings us to his heav'nly land.

VI.

O let our souls with joy record
The truth and goodness of the LORD:
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

HYMN XXXII. Long Metre.

GOD our Protector.

I.

HE that hath made his refuge God,
 Shall find a most secure abode;
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
 And safe at night shall rest his head.

II.

He guides our feet, he guards our way,
 His morning smiles bless all the day;
 He spreads the ev'ning vail, and keeps
 The silent hours while nature sleeps.

III.

Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
 " Shall be my fortress and my tow'r;
 " I, who am form'd of feeble dust,
 " Make thine almighty arm my trust."

IV.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
 Thence all her help my soul derives,
 There my almighty refuge lives.

V.

He lives, the everlasting God,
 Who built the world, and spread the flood;
 He lives, and, by his heav'nly care,
 Preserves my life from ev'ry snare.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIII. Long Metre.

The daily Goodness of GOD.

I.

GREAT GOD, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.

II.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of our sleeping hours;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command;
 To thee we consecrate our days:
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN XXXIV. Long Metre.

Divine Condescension to human Affairs.

I.

TO GOD who reigns above the skies
 And views the nations from afar,

Let

Let everlasting praises rise,
And tell how large his bounties are.

II.

He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or by his word, or by his rod,
His goodness how amazing great !
And what a condescending God !

III.

God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth directs his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

IV.

He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the king of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

V.

O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to his grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach angelic minds his praise.

HYMN

HYMN XXXV. Common Metre.

GOD our constant Benefactor.

I.

GREAT God! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks shall raise ;
Inspire our hearts to tune the songs,
Which celebrate thy praise.

II.

From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital pow'rs ;
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

III.

Thy pow'r, our ever present guard,
From ev'ry ill defends ;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.

IV.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is our repose ;
The morning-light renews the springs
From whence our comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy praise
We will employ our breath ;
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVI. Proper Tune.

Praise to GOD in Prosperity and Adversity.

I.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

II.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use:

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

IV.

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

V.

These to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;

And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

VI.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

VII.

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

VIII.

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;

IX.

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD in Life and Death.

I.

MY soul shall praise thee, O my GOD
 Thro' all my mortal days ;
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

II.

In every smiling happy hour,
 Be this my sweet employ ;
 Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
 And heightens all my joy.

III.

When gloomy care, and keen distress,
 Afflict my throbbing breast,
 My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
 And hush each pain to rest.

IV.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honours of my GOD ;
 My life with all its active pow'rs
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.

V.

And when these lips shall cease to move,
 When death shall close these eyes,

Th

Then shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

VI.

Then shall her powers in endless strains,
Their grateful tribute pay ;
The theme demands an angels tongue,
And an eternal day.

HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD through all the Changes of Life.

I.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father, and my God ;
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

II.

My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys ;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise ?

III.

In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

In

IV.

In all these mercies may my soul
 A father's bounty see;
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
 Estrange my heart from thee.

V.

Teach me in time of deep distress
 To own thy hand, my God;
 And in submissive silence hear
 The lessons of thy rod.

VI.

In every varying mortal state,
 Each bright, each gloomy scene,
 Give me a meek and humble mind,
 Still equal and serene.

VII.

Then will I close mine eyes in death
 Without one anxious fear,
 For death itself is life, my God,
 If thou art with me there.

HYMN XXXIX. Long Metre.

GOD acknowledged in our Enjoyments.

I.

FATHER of light, we sing thy name
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
 W

Wide as he spreads his chearing flame
His beams thy pow'r and love display.

II.

Fountain of good, from thee proceeds,
In plenteous drops the genial rain,
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.

III.

Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet numbers of our guilty race,
Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and slight thy grace,

IV.

Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.

V.

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And show'rs in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou our God ador'd in all.

H Y M N XL. Common Metre.

*Our short Lives crowned with the Div
Goodness.*

I.

TIME ! what an empty vapour 'tis !
And days how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

II.

The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, they're here,
But only say, they're past.

III.

Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

IV.

Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

V.

'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloath'd with love ;

While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

VI.

His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the LORD:
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd.

VII.

Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN XLI. Long Metre.

*Praise to GOD through the whole of our
Existence.*

I.

GOD of my life, thro' all its days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

II.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
C 2 Thy

Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

III.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

IV.

But oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !

V.

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

VI.

The chearful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

H Y M N XLII. Common Metre.

peculiar Goodness of GOD to the Righteous.

I.

WITH pleasing wonder, LORD, we view
The bounties of thy grace ;
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,
For those who seek thy face.

II.

thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner store.

III.

thy mercy hides their num'rous sins,
And forms them for the sky ;
And crowns their lives with present joys,
And lifts their hopes on high.

IV.

For them rich treasures, yet unknown,
Are stor'd in worlds to come ;
Safe and pleasant is their way,
And happy is their home.

V.

What equal tribute can we pay ?
Or how such goodness own ?

C 3

But

But 'tis our joy that, LORD, to thee
Thy servants hearts are known.

VI.

Since time's too short, O gracious God
To utter all thy praise,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

HYMN XLIII. As 30th Hymn.

Praise to GOD by all Mankind.

I.

O COME all ye sons of Adam and
A song unto God: how lovely his part
Adore him, who reigns in his glory at
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of

II.

His breath is your life, your reason a
Effus'd from his light to guide all your
He heals your diseases, your wants he sup
And wipes away tears from the penitent's

III.

Dash down your false Gods of silver and
Him worship who made earth & heaven:
His prophet, his son, his salvation rec
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and

O F

IV.

O Father of men, in mercy command
 Thy gospel to shine on all human land;
 That far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,
 Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name.

HYMN XLIV. Long Metre.

The constant Providence of GOD.

I.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy,
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear;
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

II.

Wide as the earth and planets roll,
 Thy hand supports and cheers the whole:
 By thee the sun is taught to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

III.

The flow'ry spring at thy command,
 Embalms the air and paints the land;
 The summer-rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

C 4

Seasons,

IV.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive hymns of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

V.

O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN XLV. Long Metre.

GOD exalted far above Men.

I.

SHALL the low race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, GOD?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

II.

Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

But

III.

how much meaner things are they
 > spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
 ch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
 faint and vanish like the moth.

IV.

n night to day, from day to night,
 die by thousands in thy fight;
 'd in dust whole nations lie
 : a forgotten vanity.

V.

ighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
 / frail are we! how glorious thou!
 more the sons of earth shall dare
 h an eternal God compare.

HYMN XLVI. Long Metre.

GOD Incomprehensible.

I.

AN creatures, to perfection, find
 Th' eternal uncreated mind?
 an the largest stretch of thought
 fure and search his nature out?

C 5

'Tis

II.

'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell ;
 And what can mortals know, or tell ?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high.

III.

God is a King of pow'r unknown,
 Firm are the orders of his throne :
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,
 Or ask him why, or what he does ?

IV.

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole ;
 He calms the tempest of the soul :
 When he shuts up in long despair,
 Who can remove the heavy bar ?

V.

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon :
 The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
 Tremble and start at his reproof.

VI.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
 The crooked serpent and the worm ;
 He breaks the billows with his breath,
 And smites the sons of pride to death.

VII.

These are a portion of his ways ;
 But who shall dare describe his face ?

Who

Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

HYMN XLVII. Long Metre.

GOD exalted above all Praise.

I.

ETERNAL pow'r ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds :

II.

Far in the depths of space thy throne
Burns with a lustre all its own,
In shining ranks beneath thy feet
Angelic powers and splendors meet.

III.

LORD, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.

IV.

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But oh ! the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

V.

God is in heav'n, and men below,
Short be our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN XLVIII. Short Metre.

Divine Assistance.

I.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

II.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

III.

He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

The

IV.

Then all the pious race
 Shall meet around his throne ;
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

V.

To GOD the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

HYMN XLIX. Long Metre.

The Holy Scriptures.

I.

GOD, who in various methods told
 His mind and will to faints of old,
 Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
 To teach us in these latter days.

II.

Our nation reads his written word,
 The book of life, the true record :
 The bright inheritance of heav'n
 Is by this sure conveyance giv'n.

God's

III.

God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
 Able to make us wise and bless'd;
 The doctrines are divinely true,
 Fit for reproof and comfort too.

IV.

O render thanks to God above,
 For his rich grace and boundless love;
 Let all mankind receive his word,
 And ev'ry nation praise the LORD.

HYMN L. Common Metre.

Hosannah to JESUS CHRIST.

I.

HARK the glad sound! the SAVIOUR comes,
 The SAVIOUR promis'd long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

II.

On him the spirit largely pour'd,
 Exerts its sacred fire;
 Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

Ho

III.

He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In *Satan's* bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

IV.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray ;
 And on the eye oppress'd with night
 To pour celestial day.

V.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of his grace
 Enrich the humble poor.

VI.

Our glad *Hosannas*, prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heav'ns eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

HYMN LI. Short Metre.

The Birth of CHRIST.

I.

BEHOLD, the grace appears ;
 The promise is fulfill'd ;

Mary

Mary the wond'rous *Virgin* bears,
And *Jesus* is the child.

II.

To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

III.

"Go humble swains," said he,
"To *David's* city fly ;
"The promis'd infant born to day,
"Doth in a manger lie.

IV.

"With looks and hearts serene,
"Go visit *CHRIST* your King :"—
And straight a flaming troop was seen :
The shepherds heard them sing :

V.

"Glory to *GOD* on high !
"And heav'nly peace on earth !
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth !

VI.

In anthems so divine
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs :

Glo

H Y M N LII.

VII.

Glory to GOD on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth!
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

H Y M N LII. As the 148th Psalm

The Characters of CHRIST.

I.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My *Saviour* forth.

II.

Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an *Angel* stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,

To make his grace
To mortals known.

III.

Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news
Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

IV.

Be thou my *Counſellor*,
My *Pattern*, and my *Guide*;
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep me near thy ſide.
O let my feet
Ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek
The crooked way!

V.

I love my *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,

His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

VI.

My SAVIOUR, and my LORD,
My Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.

Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I fit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.

VII.

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown,
A feeble faint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.

HYMN LIII. Long Metre.

The Love of CHRIST.

I.

JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,

All

All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set *Immanuel's* glory forth.

II.

But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace !
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

III.

When for the works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes ?
Light of the world, and life of men ;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

IV.

With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part ;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

HYMN LIV. Common Metre.

The Offices of CHRIST.

I.

WE bless the prophet of the LORD,
Who comes with truth and grace
JESUS, thy spirit and thy word
Shall guide us in thy ways.

II.

We rev'rence our high priest above,
 Who offer'd up his blood;
 Who lives to carry on his love,
 And intercedes with God.

III.

We honour our exalted king;
 How wise are his commands!
 He guards our souls from hell and sin,
 By his almighty hands.

IV.

Hosannab to his glorious name,
 Who saves by different ways;
 His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
 To our immortal praise.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

The Compassion of CHRIST.

I.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our high priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His breast o'erflows with love.

Touch'd

II.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame :
He knows what fore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

III.

But spotless, innocent and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While *Satan's* fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

IV.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

V.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

VI.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN LVI. Short Metre.

The Hope of Pardon by CHRIST.

I.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

II.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.

III.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by ;
When CHRIST was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

IV.

Now sinners dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease,
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

V.

LORD, we obey the call ;
We lay an humble claim

To the falvation thou haft brought,
And love and praife thy name.

HYMN LVII. Short Metre.

Christians Sons of GOD.

I.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of GOD !

II.

It doth not yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our SAVIOUR here,
We shall be like our head.

III.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

Hv

HYMN LVIII. Common Metre.

CHRIST'S Death, Victory, and Dominion.

I.

I SING my SAVIOUR'S wond'rous death;
 He conquer'd when he fell;
 " 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.

II.

" 'Tis finish'd," our EMANUEL cries,
 " Th' important work is done :"
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.

III.

His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown;
 When, thro' the regions of the dead,
 He pass'd to reach the crown.

IV.

Exalted at his father's side
 Sits our victorious LORD;
 To heav'n and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.

V.

The saints, from his propitious eye,
 Await their sev'ral crowns;

D

And

And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN LIX. Common Metre.

Praise to CHRIST the Lamb of GOD.

I.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

II.

“Worthy the Lamb that dy’d,” they cry
“To be exalted thus:”—
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

III.

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and pow’r divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

IV.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise:

T

V.

the whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LX. Common Metre.

For Easter Sunday.

I.

GAIN the LORD of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray;
 Heals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

II.

What a night was that, which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom!
 What a sun which broke this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb!

III.

This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

IV.

A thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn;

D 2

Which

Which scatters blessings from its wi
To nations yet unborn.

V.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.

VI.

The powers of darkness leagued in
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when he f
With his expiring breath.

VII.

Not long the toils of hell could kee
The hope of JUDAH's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

VIII.

And now his conquering chariot wh
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his powerful
Death's iron sceptre lies.

IX.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And LORD of all below,
Thro' him is pardoning love dispens
And boundless blessings flow.

X.

d still for erring, guilty man,
 A brother's pity flows ;
 d still his bleeding heart is touch'd
 With memory of our woes.

XI.

thee, my Saviour, and my king,
 Glad homage let me give ;
 d stand prepar'd like thee to die,
 With thee that I may live.

HYMN LXI. Proper Tune.

Hymn for Easter Sunday.

I.

ANGEL ! roll the rock away ;
 Hallelujah ! (a)
 ath yield up thy mighty prey ;
 he rises from the tomb ;
 owing in immortal bloom.

II.

s the Saviour, angels, raise
 ne's eternal trump of praise,

D 3.

Let

a) *Hallelujah* is to be repeated after every line.

Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

III.

Shout, ye faints, in rapturous song
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Shout the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new born.

IV.

Hail, victorious JESUS, hail;
On thy cloud of glory sail
In long triumph thro' the sky
Up to waiting worlds on high.

V.

Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious heroe thro' them ride;
King of glory, mount the throne,
Thy great Father's, and thy own.

VI.

Powers of heaven, seraphic fires
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

VII.

Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where O death, thy mortal sting?

Hx

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

The Resurrection of CHRIST.

I.

HOSANNA to the prince of light,
 Who cloath'd himself in clay;
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.

II.

Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our LORD in vain;
 The sleeping conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.

III.

See where on clouds he mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honour in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.

IV.

Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our *Emanuel* rose;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.

V.

Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious king;

D 4

Let

Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and sea:
With glad *Hosannas* ring.

HYMN LXIII. Long Metre.

The Example of CHRIST.

I.

MY great Redeemer, and my LORD,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

II.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

III.

Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

IV.

Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy lovely image here;
Thou God, the judge, shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

Hy

HYMN LXIV. Long Metre.

The Excellence of the Christian Religion.

I.

ET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my SAVIOUR, and my LORD!
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessings in thy word.

II.

How well thy blessed truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy commands!
 Thy promises, how firm they be!
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!

III.

Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
 Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
 Nor does the *Turkish* paradise
 Pretend to joys so well refin'd.

IV.

What if we trace the globe around,
 And search from *Britain* to *Japan*;
 There shall be no religion found,
 So just to God, so safe for man.

V.

Should all the forms, which men devise,
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,

D 5

I'd

I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN LXV. Short Metre.

The Happiness of Christians.

I.

HOW welcome is their voice,
Who speak the SAVIOUR's name,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And terms of peace proclaim!

II.

How grateful is the sound!
How good the tidings are!
The church beholds her SAVIOUR king;
He reigns and triumphs here.

III.

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

IV.

How blessed are our eyes,
Which see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.

Christia

V.

Christians unite ~~their~~ voice,
 And chearful notes employ;
~~their~~ SAVIOUR'S praise inspires ~~their~~ songs,
 And Heathens learn the joy.

VI.

The LORD displays his grace,
 Thro' all the earth abroad;
 Let ev'ry nation now behold
 Their SAVIOUR, and their God.

HYMN LXVI. Long Metre.

The Christian's Character and Prospects.

I.

SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all-divine.

II.

Then shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honours of our Saviour God,
 When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

D 6

Our.

III.

Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;
 While justice, temperance, truth and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

IV.

Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of our LORD,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN LXVII. Long Metre.

Christian Charity.

I.

NOT diff'rent food, or diff'rent dress
 Compose the kingdom of our LORD,
 But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 Faith, and obedience to his word.

II.

When weaker christians we despise,
 We do the gospel mighty wrong;
 For GOD the gracious and the wise
 Receives the feeble with the strong.

Let

III.

Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue :
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the *Gentile* or the *Jew*.

HYMN LXVIII. Long Metre.

The Yoke of CHRIST easy.

I.

“ COME hither all ye weary souls,
“ Ye heavy laden sinners come,
“ I'll give you rest from all your toils,
“ And raise you to my heav'nly home.

II.

“ They shall find rest that learn of me :
“ I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
“ But passion rages like the sea,
“ And pride is restless as the wind.

III.

“ Blest is the man whose shoulders take
“ My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
“ My yoke is easy to his neck,
“ My grace shall make the burden light.”

JESUS,

IV.

JESUS, we come at thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN LXIX. Common Metre.

Love to CHRIST. (See John xxi. 15.)

I.

DO not I love thee, O my LORD ?
 Behold my heart and see ;
 Would I not turn each idol out,
 That dares to rival thee ?

II.

Haft thou a lamb in all thy flock,
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Haft thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead ?

III.

Would not mine ardent spirit vie
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute thy sacred will,
 And make thy glory known ?

IV.

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honour of thy name ?

A

I challenge the cold hand of death
 'o damp th' immortal flame?

V.

Thou know'st I love thee, gracious LORD,
 But O! I long to soar
 from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

HYMN LXX. Short Metre.

The Communion.

I.

Jesus invites his saints
 To meet around his board:
 The pardon'd sinners sit and hold
 Communion with their LORD.

II.

Where we survey that love,
 Which spoke in ev'ry breath,
 Which crown'd each action of his life,
 And triumph'd in his death.

III.

Where let our pow'rs unite,
 His glorious name to raise,
 Where and joy fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

And

IV.

And while we share the gifts,
His gracious hands bestow,
Let ev'ry heart, in friendship join'd,
With kind affections glow.

V.

Let love inspire each breast,
And dictate ev'ry thought;
Be angry passions far remov'd,
And selfish views forgot.

VI.

Our souls, expanded wide
By our Redeemer's grace,
Shall in the arms of fervent love,
All heav'n and earth embrace.

HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

Remembrance of CHRIST.

I.

“**E**AT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend
Such was our SAVIOUR's last request
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.

Y

II.

, we'll record thy matchless love,
 ou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends ;
 r dying love the noblest praise
 long eternity transcends.

III.

pleasure more than earth can give,
 r goodness thro' these veils to see ;
 r table food celestial yields,
 l happy they who sit with thee.

IV.

O what vast transporting joys,
 l fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
 en, join'd with the celestial train,
 grateful souls thy love admire !

V.

en these vile bodies, all-refin'd,
 ect and glorious as thine own,
 wearied shall our minds obey,
 l join to make thy favours known !

HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

The Mission of the HOLY SPIRIT.

I.

REAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When CHRIST's belov'd disciples met;
 Whilst

Whilst on their heads the SPIRIT came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

II.

What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

III.

Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
From East to West, from South to North:
" Go and assert your SAVIOUR'S cause ;
" Go spread the mystery of the cross."

IV.

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;
While *Satan* rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

V.

Great king of grace ! my heart subdue ;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my LORD,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN

HYMN LXXIII. Long Metre.

be Divine Immutability a Ground of consolation.

I.

GREAT former of this various frame !

Our souls adore thine awful name ;
 and bow and tremble while they praise
 the ancient of eternal days.

II.

How, LORD, with unsurpris'd survey
 how'st nature rising yesterday ;
 and, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
 the earth, and stars in ruin lie.

III.

Beyond an angel's vision bright,
 how dwell'st in self-existent light ;
 which shines with undiminish'd ray,
 while suns, and worlds in smoke decay.

IV.

Our days a transient period run,
 and change with ev'ry circling sun ;
 and in the firmest state we boast
 a moth can crush us into dust.

But

V.

But let the creatures fall around ;
 Let death consign us to the ground ;
 Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies :

VI.

Calm as the summer's ocean, we
 Can all the wreck of nature see,
 While grace secures us an abode,
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

HYMN LXXIV. Common Metre

Trust in GOD under Trouble.

I.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure,
 And in its matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.

II.

What tho' my house be not with thee
 As nature could desire ?
 To nobler joys, than nature gives,
 Thy servants all aspire.

III.

Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My Father art become ;

JESUS

JESUS my guardian, and my friend,
And heav'n my final home;

IV.

I welcome all thy sov'reign will;
For all that will is love:
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

V.

Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom,
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

HYMN LXXV. Common Metre.

Divine Mercy in Afflictions. (See Isaiah
xxvii. 8.)

I.

GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy pow'r divine:
We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine.

II.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sov'reign will;

And

And aw'd by thy majestic voice
Confusion shall be still.

III.

Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
To them that seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

IV.

Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

HYMN LXXVI. Common Metre.

GOD the Support of frail Man.

I.

LORD, we adore thy wond'rous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious frame,
From mean, and lifeless dust.

II.

By dust supported, still it stands,
Wrought up to various forms,
Prepar'd by thy creating hands
To nourish mortal worms.

A

III.

A while these frail machines endure,
 The fabric of a day;
 Then know their vital pow'rs no more,
 But moulder back to clay.

IV.

Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
 This thought is our repose,
 That he, by whom this frame was rear'd,
 Its various weakness knows.

V.

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
 Whilst struggling with our load;
 In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
 Our Father, and our God.

VI.

Gently supported by thy love,
 We tend to realms of peace;
 Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
 And ev'ry frailty cease.

HYMN LXXVII. Common Metre.

The Divine Presence the good Man's Consolation.

I.

TO thee my God, my days are known;
 My soul enjoys the thought;
My

My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.

II.

Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

III.

The vacant hour, the active scene
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.

IV.

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

V.

Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

VI.

Strip'd of it's little earthly all
My soul in smiles shall go ;
And in a heav'nly heritage
Its father's bounty know.

HYMN

HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

GOD the Friend of the Poor.

I.

PRAISE to the sov'reign of the sky,
 Who from his lofty throne
 Looks down on all that humble lie,
 And calls such souls his own.

II.

The haughty sinner he disdains,
 Tho' gems his temples crown;
 And from the seat of pomp and pride
 His vengeance hurls him down.

III.

On his afflicted pious poor
 He makes his face to shine;
 He fills their cottages of clay
 With lustre all divine.

IV.

Among the meanest of thy flock
 There let my dwelling be,
 Rather than under gilded roofs,
 If absent, LORD, from thee.

V.

Poor and afflicted tho' we are,
 In thy great name we trust;

E

And

And bless the hand of sov'reign love,
Which lifts us from the dust.

HYMN LXXIX. As 150th Psalm.

Reverence due to the Supreme Sovereign.

I.

THE Lord of glory reigns supremely great,
And o'er heav'ns arches builds his royal
seat;
Thro' worlds unknown his sov'reign sway
extends,
Nor space nor time his boundless empire ends:
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,
And reads each thought thro' his immense
creation.

II.

Lightnings, and storms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their
way:
Unnumber'd cherubs veil'd before him stand,
At his first signal all their wings expand;
His praise gives harmony to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.

III.

Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,
Nor longer such unequal war maintain:

Let

HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

Love to GOD.

I.

MY God, whose all-pervading eye
Views earth beneath, and heav'n above,
Witness, if here, or there thou seest
An object of mine equal love.

II.

Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
Pursue their bliss, and find their woe,
Detain my rising heart, which springs
The nobler joys of heav'n to know.

III.

Not all the fairest sons of light,
That lead the army round thy throne,
Can bound its flight; it presseth on,
And seeks its rest in God alone.

IV.

Fix'd near th' immortal source of bliss,
Dauntless and joyous it surveys
Each form of horror and distress,
That earth, combin'd with hell, can raise.

V.

This feeble flesh shall faint, and die;
This heart renew its pulse no more;

Ev'n

Ev'n now it views the moment nigh,
When life's last movements all are o'er.

VI.

But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread,
With thine own hand thy pow'r destroy ;
'Tis thine to bear my soul to God,
My portion, and eternal joy.

HYMN LXXXII. Long Metre.

GOD our Refuge through all Generations.

I.

THOU, LORD, thro' ev'ry changing scene
Hast to thy saints a refuge been :
Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

II.

In thee ~~our fathers sought their rest ;~~
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide, and trust.

III.

Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble race,
A while to fill our fathers place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

E 3

Thro'

IV.

Thro' all the thorny paths we trace
 In this uncertain wilderness,
 When friends desert, and foes invade,
 Revive our heart, and guard our head.

V.

So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
 And we must dwell in flesh no more,
 To thee our sep'rate souls shall come,
 And find in thee a surer home.

VI.

To thee our infant race we leave;
 Them may their father's God receive;
 That voices yet unform'd may raise
 Succeeding hymns of humble praise,

HYMN LXXXIII. Long Metre.

The Equity of the Divine Dispensations.

I.

FATHER of men, who can complain
 Under thy mild and equal reign?
 Who does a weight of duty share
 More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?

II.

With diff'ring climes and diff'ring lands,
 With fruitful plains and barren sands,

Thy

Thy hand hath form'd this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.

III.

With like variety thy ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day;
While all are in their measure show'd
The way to happiness and God.

IV.

O the unbounding grace which brought
To us the words by Jesus taught!
So blest and with such hopes inspir'd,
How much is giv'n, how much requir'd!

HYMN LXXXIV. As the 113th Psalm.

Confidence in divine Protection.

THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;

To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN LXXXV. Short Metre.

Wordy Anxiety reprov'd.

I.

WHY do I thus perplex
 My life, a breath of air,
 With fears of distant ills, and vex
 My heart with fruitless care ?

Can

II.

Can thought and toil increase
My days appointed sum?
Why waste I then my time, my peace;
To hoard for years to come?

III.

These covetous desires,
These restless cares I leave
To them whose hope at death expires,
And who in chance believe.

IV.

Will he whose bounty gave
My life, its food deny?
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,
Its cravings not supply?

V.

Behold the flowers that grow,
That for the furnace stand,
With what rich dyes their garments glow
Without the lab'ring hand.

VI.

The tribes that wing the sky,
That neither sow nor reap,
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and sleep.

VII.

Then, let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay:

E 5

Th

The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

VIII.

To nobler work applied
My soul shall upwards climb ;
And trust my Father to provide
The needful things of time.

HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Confidence in GOD our Father.

I.

O God, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care :
Thou wilt the father and the friend,
In every act appear.

II.

With open hand, and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply ;
Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

III.

Our father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love ;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

IV.

In thy paternal love and care,
 With chearful hearts we trust;
 Thy tender mercies boundless are,
 And all thy thoughts are just.

V.

We cannot want, while God provides;
 What he ordains is best;
 And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
 Will give eternal rest.

HYMN LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Submission under Afflictions.

I.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
 And rose to life at first;
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with the dust.

II.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And call our own in vain;
 Are but short pleasures borrow'd now,
 To be repaid again.

III.

'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them to the grave;

He gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

IV.

Peace, all our restless passions, then,
Let each impatient sigh
Be silent, at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

V.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
Which strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Short Metre.

Joy in GOD.

I.

COME, we who love the LORD,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.

II.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

The

III.

(The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas :

IV.

This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love ;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

V.

Then shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
Then, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

VI.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.

VII.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

VIII.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;

We're

We're marching, thro' *Emmanuel's* ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre.

Acceptable Worship.

I.

GOD is a spirit just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

II.

Nothing but truth, before his throne,
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Thro' the disguise they wear.

III.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But GOD abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

IV.

LORD, search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN

HYMN XC. Short Metre.

The LORD's Day welcomed.

I.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
Which saw the SAVIOUR rise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

II.

The LORD himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

III.

One day, amidst the place,
In which our God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

HYMN XCI. Long Metre.

Devotion vain without Virtue.

I.

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, LORD, to thee;
In

In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

II.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precept heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

III.

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields;

IV.

Than floods of oil or floods of wine,
Ten thousand rolling to thy shrine,
Or than if, to thine altar led,
A first-born Son the victim bled.

V.

"Be *just* and *kind*," that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thy ancient prophets teach,
And this thy sole-begotten preach.

HYMN

HYMN XCII. Long Metre.

Family Devotion.

I.

FATHER of men, thy care we blefs,
Which crowns our family with peace:
From thee they ſpring, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are ſuſtain'd.

II.

To God, moſt worthy to be prais'd;
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd;
Who, LORD of heav'n, ſcorns not to dwell
With ſaints, in their obſcureſt cell.

III.

To thee let each united houſe,
~~MORNING and night, preſent its vows.~~
Our ſervants there, and riſing race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

IV.

O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

HYMN

HYMN XCIII. Common Metre.

Secret Devotion.

I.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
 Looks thro' the shades of night;
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart-discerning sight.

II.

There shall that piercing eye survey
 My humble worship paid,
 With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
 And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.

III.

I'll leave behind each earthly care;
 To thee my soul shall fare,
 While grateful praise, and fervent pray'r,
 Employ the silent hour.

IV.

So shall the sun in smiles arise;
 The day shall close in peace;
 So wilt thou train me for the skies,
 Where joy shall never cease.

HYMN

HYMN XCIV. Long Metre.

Religious Retirement.

I.

MY GOD, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

II.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth;
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my GOD, my SAVIOUR go?

III.

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

IV.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heav'n, and there my God I find.

HYMN

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

The LORD's Prayer imitated.

I.

FATHER of all! eternal mind!
Immensely good and great!
Thy children form'd and bleis'd by thee,
Approach thy heav'nly seat.

II.

Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung!
We join the solemn praise:
To thy great name, with heart and tongue
Our chearful homage raise.

III.

Thy righteous, mild, and sov'reign reign
Let ev'ry being own:
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

As angels round thy seat above,
Thy blest commands fulfil;
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy heav'nly will.

V.

On thee we day by day depend,
Our daily wants supply:

And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our souls which never die.

VI.

Extend thy grace to every fault,
Oh! let thy love forgive:
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.

VII.

Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread:
Avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.

VIII.

Thy sacred name we thus adore,
With joyful humble mind:
And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,
Eternal, unconfi'd.

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

The Universal Prayer.

I.

FATHER of all, in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
The universal LORD!

What

II.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

III.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For GOD is paid, when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

IV.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think thee LORD alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

V.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

VI.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
To find that better way.

VII.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,

At aught thy wisdom hath deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

VIII.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

IX.

This day be bread and peace my lot;—
But all beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
And let thy will be done.

X.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise !
All nature's incense rise !

HYMN XCVII. Long Metre.

A Morning Hymn.

I.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The chearful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.

From

II.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

III.

Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

IV.

But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

V.

LORD, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

VI.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN

HYMN XCVIII. Long Metre.

An Evening Hymn.

I.

THUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

II.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

III.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
His ever-watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my head.

IV.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

V.

Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,

F

And

And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the found.

HYMN XCIX. Common Metre.

A Morning Hymn.

I.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.

II.

Nigh^t unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the found,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

III.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

IV.

Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN

HYMN C. Common Metre

For Morning or Evening.

I.

HOSANNAH, with a chearful sound,
To God's upholding hand ;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

II.

That was a most amazing pow'r,
Which rais'd us with a word ;
And every day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the LORD.

III.

The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed
Which was not made our tomb,

IV.

The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door
To make our lives his prey.

V.

God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;

Our feeble frames lie safe at night,
Beneath his guardian wings.

HYMN CI. Long Metre.

The Beatitudes.

I.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'h.

II.

Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
From heaven the streams of mercy flow,
A healing balm for all their woe.

III.

Bless'd are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

IV.

Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

Bless'd

V.

Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From CHRIST the LORD shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

VI.

Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

VII.

Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

VIII.

Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for JESUS' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the LORD,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

The Voice of Wisdom.

THUS saith the wisdom of the LORD,
"Bless'd is the man that hears my word;
F 3 "Keeps

“ Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 “ And at my feet for mercy waits.

II.

“ The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 “ Immortal wealth and heavenly gain ;
 “ Immortal life is his reward,
 “ Life, and the favour of the LORD.

III.

“ But the vile wretch that flies from me,
 “ Doth his own soul an injury ;
 “ Fools that against my grace rebel
 “ Seek death, and love the road to hell.”

HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

A Living and a Dead Faith.

I.

Mistaken souls! that dream of heav'n,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
 While they are slaves to lust.

II.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead,
 None but a living pow'r unites
 To CHRIST the living head.

’Tis

III.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
 'Tis faith that works by love ;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

IV.

'Tis faith that conquers death and hell,
 By a celestial pow'r ;
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.

HYMN CIV. Long Metre.

The Hypocrite and Apostate.

I.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there ;
 But wisdom shows a narrower path,
 With here and there a traveller.

II.

“ Deny thyself, and take thy cross,”
 Is the Redeemer's great command :
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain the heav'nly land.

F 4

The

III.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of GOD no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a faint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

IV.

LORD, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

The Advantages of early Religion.

I.

HAPPY the man whose early years
Receive instruction well:
Who hates the sinners path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

II.

When we devote our youth to GOD,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

III.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes;

While

While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

IV.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

HYMN CVI. Long Metre.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

I.

LORD, how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

II.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

III.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

F 5

How

IV.

How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes and chearful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

V.

They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

HYMN CVII. Long Metre.

*A good Conscience the best Support under
Afflictions.*

I.

WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And seek the joys which hurt the soul;
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last:

II.

That tree, which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

III.

With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd;

I will

I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

IV.

Tho' heav'n afflict I'll not repine;
The noblest comforts still are mine;
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.

V.

Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;—
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sov'reign love directs the rod?

VI.

His hand will smoothe my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

HYMN CVIII. Common Metre.

Inconstancy in Religion.

I.

PERPETUAL source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name:
Thro' ev'ry year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

F 6

On

II.

On us, all-worthless as we are,
Its wond'rous mercy pours;
Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the show'rs.

III.

Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
And transient as the dew.

IV.

In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

V.

Arm'd with thine energy divine
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transport press
On to thy courts above.

VI.

So by thy pow'r the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

HYMN

HYMN CIX. Short Metre.

The Invitation of Wisdom.

I.

'TIS wisdom's earnest cry ;
 Wisdom, the voice of God,
 To young and old, the low and high,
 Utters his will abroad.

II.

Within the human breast,
 Her strong monitions plead :
 She thunders her divine protest,
 Against th' unrighteous deed.

III.

Within the holy place,
 She stretches out her hand ;
 ' O sinners listen to my grace ;
 " Ye simple understand.

IV.

~~race~~ " The ~~progeny~~ of man I love,
 " In mercy I chastise,
 ' Severely faithful I reprove,
 " Hear, mortals, and be wise.

V.

" My house, a royal pile,
 " Invites you thro' its gate :

" O leave

“ O leave the wilds of sin and guile,
 “ And enter, e’er too late.

VI.

“ My joy, unsensual, taste ;
 “ Come, drink of wisdom’s wine :
 “ No sorrow poisons my repast,
 “ The banquet is divine.

VII.

“ Honour and peace with me
 “ And joys immortal dwell :
 “ Your ways of woe and infamy
 “ Take hold on death and hell.”

HYMN CX. Long Metre.

The one Thing needful.

I.

WHY will ye lavish out your years
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?
 While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot ?

II.

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
 And furnish an immortal mind ;
 While angels with regret look down
 To see you spurn a heav’nly crown ?

Th’

III.

Th' eternal God calls from above,
 And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
 Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;
 And shall they join their pleas in vain?

IV.

Not so your dying eyes shall view
 Those objects, which ye now pursue;
 Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
 When the decisive hour is near.

V.

Almighty God, thy pow'r impart
 To fix conviction on the heart;
 Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,
 And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

HYMN CXI. Long Metre.

Justice.

I.

MY soul abjure th' accursed throng,
 Whose prosp'ring wealth increases fast
 By fraud, by violence, and wrong,
 Still thriving for the thunders blast.

II.

If high or low my station be,
 Of noble, or ignoble name,

By

By uncorrupted honesty
Thy blessing, LORD, I'd humbly claim.

III.

Enrich'd with that, no want I'll fear,
Thy providence shall be my trust ;
Thou wilt provide my portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.

IV.

Oh may I with sincere delight
To all the task of duty pay ;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.

V.

Such virtue thou wilt not forget
In worlds where every virtue shares.
A fit reward, tho' not of debt,
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

HYMN CXII. Common Metre.

Equity.

I.

COME, let us search our ways, and try,
Have they been just and right ;
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?

What

II.

What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?

III.

Do we relieve the poor distress'd?
Nor give our tongues a loose,
To make their names our scorn and jest,
Nor treat them with abuse?

IV.

Have we not found our envy grow,
To hear another's praise?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By sly malicious ways?

V.

In all we sell, and all we buy,
Is justice our design?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?

VI.

In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

HYMN

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

Prudence.

I.

O 'Tis a lovely thing to see
 A man of prudent heart,
 Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
 To act a useful part.

II.

When envy, strife, and wars begin
 In little angry souls;
 Mark how the sons of peace come in,
 And quench the kindling coals.

III.

Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
 Nor let their fury rise:
 Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
 Nor pride exalts their eyes.

IV.

Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
 Good works employ their day;
 They join the serpent with the dove,
 But cast the sting away.

V.

Such was the SAVIOUR of mankind,
 Such pleasures he pursu'd;

His

His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

Fidelity.

I.

LET those who bear the christian name
Their holy vows fulfil;
The saints, the followers of the lamb,
Are men of honour still.

II.

True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear:
Constant and just to all they speak,
For GOD and angels hear.

III.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise:
They know the GOD of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

IV.

They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears;
Firm to the truth; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

HYMN

HYMN CXV. Long Metre.

Charitable Judgment.

I.

ALL knowing God! 'tis thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
 To judge, by principles within,
 When frailty errs and when we sin.

II.

Who among men, high LORD of all,
 Thy servant to his bar shall call,
 Decide of heresy, and shake
 A brother o'er the burning lake?

III.

Who with another's eye can read?
 Or worship by another's creed?
 Revering thy commands alone,
 We humbly seek and use our own.

IV.

If wrong forgive, approve if right;
 While faithful we obey our light,
 And cens'ring none, art zealous still,
 To follow, as to learn thy will.

V.

When shall our happy eyes behold
 Thy people fashion'd in thy mould;

And

And charity our lineage prove
 Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

HYMN CXVI. Common Metre.

The Excellence of Love.

I.

HAPPY the heart where virtues reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

II.

'Tis love which makes our willing feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know and tremble too,
 But *Satan* cannot love.

III.

Love suffers long, with patient eye,
 Nor is provok'd in haste;
 She lets the present injury die,
 And soon forgets the past.

IV.

She nor desires, nor seeks, to know
 The scandals of the time;
 Nor looks with pride on those below,
 Nor envies those who climb.

She

V.

She lays her own advantage by,
 To seek her neighbour's good :
 So God's own son came down to die,
 And fav'd us by his blood.

VI.

Love is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis love shall strike our joyful strings,
 In the bright realms of bliss.

HYMN CXVII. Common Metre.

Christian Charity.

I.

BEHOLD where breathing love divine
 Our dying master stands !
 His weeping followers gathering round
 Receive his last commands.

II.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell !
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its author well.

III.

" Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart
 " Feels all another's pain ;

“ To whom the supplicating eye
“ Was never rais’d in vain :

IV.

“ Whose breast expands with generous warmth
“ A stranger’s woes to feel ;
“ And bleeds in pity o’er the wound
“ He wants the power to heal.

V.

“ He spreads his kind supporting arms
“ To every child of grief ;
“ His secret bounty largely flows,
“ And brings unask’d relief.

VI.

“ To gentle offices of love
“ His feet are never slow ;
“ He views thro’ mercy’s melting eye
“ A brother in a foe.

VII.

“ Peace from the bosom of his God,
“ My peace to him I give ;
“ And when he kneels before the throne,
“ His trembling soul shall live.

VIII.

“ To him protection shall be shewn ;
“ And mercy from above
“ Descend on those who thus fulfil
“ The perfect law of love.”

HYMN

HYMN CXVIII. Long Metre.

Love to all Mankind.

I.

O GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my king,
 Of all I have or hope the spring!
 Send down thy spirit from above,
 And warm my heart with holy love.

II.

With pity let my breast o'erflow,
 When I behold a wretch in woe;
 And bear a sympathizing part,
 With all who are of heavy heart.

III.

And, when another's prosp'rous state
 Shall joy within himself create,
 Let me too in his triumph join,
 And count his peace and pleasure mine.

IV.

Yea, should my neighbour spiteful prove,
 Still let me vanquish spite with love;
 Slow to resent, tho' he would grieve,
 But always ready to forgive.

V.

Let love in all my conduct shine,
 An image fair, tho' faint, of thine:

Let

Let me thine humble foll'wer prove,
 Father of men, great GOD of love.

HYMN CXIX. Short Metre.

Mercy.

I.

BEHOLD a wretch in woe,
 A fellow-mortal mourns :
 My eyes with tears of pity flow,
 My heart his sighs returns.

II.

I hear the thirsty cry,
 The famish'd beg for bread :
 O let my spring its stream supply,
 My hand its bounty shed.

III.

Lo, the poor debtor sues,
 Pale at the penal threat,
 A starving family he shews ;
 I cancel all the debt.

IV.

And shall not wrath relent,
 Touch'd by that humble strain,
 My brother crying, " I repent,
 " Nor will offend again ? "

G

How

V.

How else, on sprightly wing,
Can hope bear high my pray'r
Up to thy throne, my God, my king,
To plead for pardon there?

VI.

The pitiful and kind
Thy pity will repay;
With thee shall the forgiving find
A sweet forgiving day.

VII.

But justice lifts her scale,
And shakes her rod on high;
Nor pray'rs, nor sighs, nor tears avail
The sons of cruelty.

HYMN CXX. Common Metre.

Domestic Love and Happiness.

I.

LO, what an entertaining sight
Are kindred that agree!
How blest the house, where hearts unite
In bands of piety!

II.

Where streams of love, from heav'nly spring
Descend to ev'ry soul;

l sacred peace, with balmy wings,
hades and bedews the whole.

III.

in their proper stations move;
And each fulfils his part,
All the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

IV.

Our souls are form'd for joy and peace;
Their hearts and hopes are one;
And kind designs to serve and please,
Thro' all their actions run.

V.

How happy is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Where songs of praise, and mingled vows,
Make the communion sweet.

VI.

Whence pleasure crowns the heav'nly hills;
Thus saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN CXXI. Long Metre.

Persecution.

I.

ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by destructive flame.

II.

Bold arrogance ! to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given ;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

III.

Mad zeal ! that with hell-fury burns,
The rights of God and man o'erturns ;
Whose blind presumption sanctifies
Murders, rebellions, plots and lies.

IV.

Thus Rome asserts her proud decrees,
Enforc'd by fierce anathemas ;
And stirs up vengeance to devour
The foes of antichristian power.

V.

JESUS, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve :

d as thyself, thy doctrine wields
arms but what persuasion yields.

VI.

proofs divine and reason strong
draws the willing soul along ;
thou conquests to thy church acquires
eloquence which heav'n inspires.

VII.

happy, who are thus compell'd
to the rich feast by JESUS held !
again, thy blessings know ; and prize
the light which liberty supplies.

HYMN CXXII. Short Metre.

Be Right and Duty of private Judgment.

I.

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye :
thy doctrines, LORD, the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

II.

LORD, to thy word we bring
A meek, enquiring mind ;
and, joyful, at salvation's spring
Refreshing truth we find.

G. 3.

With

III.

With understanding blest,
 Created to be free,
 Our faith on man we dare not rest,
 Subject to none but thee.

IV.

O LORD, our spirit lead,
 With soundest knowledge fill;
 From noxious error guard our creed,
 From prejudice our will.

V.

The truth once learn'd impress
 With favour on our heart;
 And help us firmly to profess
 'Gainst all seducing art.

HYMN CXXIII. Long Metre.

Religion vain without Love.

I.

HAD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Je*
 And nobler speech than angels use
 If love be absent, I am found,
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

II.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
 All that is done in heav'n and hell,

Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

III.

Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

IV.

If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The place of love can ever fill.

HYMN CXXIV. Long Metre.

Meekness.

I.

MARK, when tempestuous winds arise,
The wild confusion and uproar,
All ocean mixing with the skies,
And wrecks are dash'd upon the shore.

II.

Not less confusion racks the mind
By its own fierce ideas tost;
Calm reason is to rage resign'd,
And in the whirl of passion lost.

G 4

O self-

III.

O self-tormenting child of pride,
 Anger, bred up in hate and strife;
 Ten thousand ills, by thee supplied,
 Mingle the cup of bitter life.

IV.

Happy the meek whose gentle breast,
 Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
 Calm as the regions of the blest,
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

V.

No friendships broke their bosom sting,
 No jars their peaceful tent invade;
 Safe underneath almighty wing,
 And, foes to none, of none afraid.

VI.

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
 With thy whole self our souls possess;
 Passion and pride be hence exil'd,
 Then shall our frame thine own express.

HYMN CXXV. Long Metre.

Humility.

I.

WAS pride, alas, e'er made for man,
 Blind, erring, guilty creature he;
 His

His birth so mean, his life a span,
His wisdom less than vanity?

II.

Tho' wealth and power with dazzling rays
And pageant state this nothing dress;
On the fair idol shall we gaze,
And envy that as happiness?

III.

JESUS, by thy instructions taught,
Our foolish passions are repress'd:
We blush at our misguided thought,
And see and call the humble blest'd.

IV.

To know ourselves, to learn of thee,
And bend our necks beneath thy throne;
Thus dictates wise humility,
This makes the wealth of heaven our own.

HYMN CXXVI. Long Metre.

The Conflict.

I.

AWAKE my soul, lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake my soul, or thou art lost.

G 5

Here

II.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands
Mustering his pale terrific bands ;
There pleasure's filken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

III.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

IV.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

V.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

VI.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The man of Calvary triumph'd here ;
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

Hy

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Christian Warfare.

I.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where JESUS thy great captain's gone.

II.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy SAVIOUR nail'd 'em to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

III.

What tho' thine inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

IV.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

V.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,

G 6

While

While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

HYMN CXXVIII. Common Metre

The Temptations of human Life.

I.

WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain! how dang'rous too!

II.

Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy food.

III.

Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust:
Celestial treasures they resign,
T' indulge a sordid lust.

IV.

The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

GOD

V.

God is mine all-sufficient good,
 My portion and my choice;
 In him my vast desires are fill'd,
 And all my pow'rs rejoice.

VI.

In vain the world accosts my ear,
 And tempts my heart anew;
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CXXIX. Proper Tune.

Contentment.

I.

IF solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breasts this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam:
 The world has nothing to bestow;
 From our own-selves our joys must flow,
 And peace begins at home.

II.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
 Whate'er kind providence hath sent,
 Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
 And, if our store of wealth be small,

With

With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

III.

We'll be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
This is the wise, the virtuous part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

IV.

Thus, crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious steps, we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

V.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smoothe the bed of death.

HYMN

HYMN CXXX. Short Metre.

The Changes of Human Life appointed by GOD.

I.

AS various as the moon
Is man's estate below;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.

II.

The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief;
Again the moon of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.

III.

Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given:
His dark and prosp'ring hours advance
By the fix'd laws of heaven.

IV.

God measures unto all
Their lot of good and ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordain'd by wisest will.

V.

Let man conform his mind
To every changing state;

Rejoicing

Rejoicing now, and now resign'd,
Nor vainly strive with fate.

VI.

Hopeful and humble bear
Thy evil and thy good :
Nor by presumption, nor despair,
Weak mortal, be subdu'd.

HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre.

Life the only Season of Preparation of Eternity.

I.

LIFE is the time to serve the LORD,
The time t' ensure the great reward ;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

II.

Life is the hour, which God hath giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

III.

The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
They have no share in all that's done,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

There

IV.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd,
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

V.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

H Y M N CXXXII. Common Metre.

GOD the Preserver of our frail Bodies.

I.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O LORD, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

II.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

III.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;

Strange !

Strange! that a harp of thousand string
Should keep in tune so long.

IV.

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who form'd us first;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

V.

While we have breath, or use our tongue,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would heave no more.

HYMN CXXXIII. Common Met

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

I.

When sickness shakes the languid frame
Each dazz'ling pleasure flies
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long deluded eyes.

II.

Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal scepter shows;
And nature faints, beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

III.

The tott'ring frame of mortal life
 Shall crumble into dust ;
 Nature shall faint ; but learn, my soul,
 On nature's GOD to trust.

IV.

The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
 On his all-gracious GOD,
 From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
 And kiss the chaf'ning rod.

V.

Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
 On heav'n his soul relies ;
 With joy he views his Maker's love,
 And with composure dies.

HYMN CXXXIV. Long Metre.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time.

I.

GOD of eternity, from thee
 Did infant time its being draw ;
 Moments and days and months and years
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.

II.

Silent and slow they glide away ;
 Steady and strong the current flows,

Loft

Loft in eternity's wild sea,
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.

III.

With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream 'are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

IV.

Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring shew,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

V.

Great source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its pow'rs.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

Our Lives in the Hand of GOD.

I.

SOV'REIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow, that wears a crown.

Banish'd

II. .

Banish'd at once from human sight
 To the dark grave's unchanging night,
 Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
 We hide our solitary head.

III.

The friendly band no more shall greet,
 Accents familiar once, and sweet:
 No more the well-known features trace,
 No more renew the fond embrace.

IV.

Yet if my father's faithful hand
 Conduct me thro' this gloomy land,
 My soul with pleasure shall obey,
 And follow, where he leads the way.

V.

He nobler friends, than here I leave,
 In brighter surer worlds can give;
 Or by the beamings of his eye
 A lost creation well supply.

HYMN CXXXVI. Short Metre.

Support in Death.

I.

BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
 Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset

Befet with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

II.

Ye pleasing scenes adieu,
Which I so long have known :
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.

III.

And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.

IV.

But see a ray of light,
With splendors all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful realms of night
And makes it's horrors shine.

V.

Where death and darkness reigns,
JEHOVAH is my stay :
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

VI.

Kind shepherd, lead me on ;
My soul disdains to fear ;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Since life's great LORD is near.

HYMN

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Death the Way whence we shall not return.

I.

BEHOLD the path, which mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

II.

Nor kindred and our friends are gone ;
Now, O my soul, this doom thine own ;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame ;
The same my way, my home the same.

III.

From vital air, from chearful light,
From the cold grave's perpetual night ;
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must to God's tribunal pass.

IV.

Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care ;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which, thro' the grave, conducts to God.

V.

Then shall I smile, secure from fear,
No' death should blast the rising year ;
And

And joy to reach the blissful shore,
From whence I shall return no more.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Common Met

Death and Eternity.

I.

MY thoughts, that often mount the f
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, death.

II.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here !
His trophies spread around !
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground.

III.

Soon must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea ;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

IV.

Some hearty friend shall drop a tear
On our dry bones, and say,
“ These once were strong, as mine app
“ And mine must be as they.”

V.

Thus shall our mold'ring members teach
 What now our senses learn :
 For dust and ashes loudest preach
 Man's infinite concern.

HYMN CXXXIX. Common Metre.

A Funeral Thought.

I.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
 My ears, attend the cry :
 ' Ye living men, come view the ground,
 " Where you must shortly lie.

II.

" Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 " In spite of all your tow'rs ;
 " The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
 " Must lie as low as ours."

III.

Great GOD ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we yet secure ?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?

IV.

Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;

H

Then,

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky:

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

Death of Kindred improved.

I.

MUST friends and kindred droop & die
Must helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

II.

Be thou our comfort, mighty God,
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us, in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

III.

O may our feet pursue the way,
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

IV.

Let us be wean'd from all below;
Let hope our grief dispel;
Death will invite our souls to go,
Where our best kindred dwell.

HYMN

HYMN CXLI. Common Metre.

The Happiness of the dying Christian.

I.

Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims
 For all the pious dead ;
 Sweet is the favour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

II.

They die in JESUS, and are blest'd ;
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From suff'rings, and from sins, releas'd,
 And freed from ev'ry snare.

III.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the LORD ;
 The labours of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

HYMN CXLII. Common Metre.

The Frailty and Importance of human Life.

I.

THEE we adore, eternal God !
 And humbly own to thee,

H 2

How

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we.

II.

Our wasting life grows shorter still,
As months and days encrease;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Still leaves the number less.

III.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath, which first it gave;
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

IV.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the road,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

V.

Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all mankind
Upon life's feeble strings.

VI.

Waken, O LORD, our active pow'rs,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And, if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

The Christian Race.

I.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

II.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

III.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :

IV.

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors wreaths, and monarchs gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

V.

My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue ;

And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

HYMN CXLIV. Common Metre.

Hope of future Happiness.

I.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that wond'rous love,
Which shows salvation nigh.

II.

Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

III.

Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise;
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

IV.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

Hy

HYMN CXLV. Long Metre.

The eternal Sabbath.

I.

LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this thy day, in this thine house;
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy temple rise.

II.

Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With chearful hope, and strong desire.

III.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs,
 Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

IV.

No rude alarms of angry foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

V.

O long expected day, begin;
 Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;

H 4

With

With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

The End of the World.

I.

MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay;
And rocks and mountains melt away.

II.

Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heav'n's wide arch from pole to pole;
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

III.

This wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpets sound
Loud the descending judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

IV.

Children of *Adam*, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;

For

For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss, or hopeless woe.

V.

LORD, to mine eyes this scene display
Frequent thro' each revolving day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

HYMN CXLVII. Common Metre.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of CHRIST.

I.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

II.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

III.

What tho' his uncontroul'd decree
Command us back to dust;
Yet, as the LORD our SAVIOUR rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

H 5

There's

IV.

There's an inheritance divine
 Reserv'd against that day ;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot fade away.

V.

Saints by the pow'r of GOD are kept
 'Till the salvation come ;
 We walk by faith as strangers here,
 'Till CHRIST shall call us home.

HYMN CXLVIII. Common Metre.

The Hope of Heaven a Support in Death.

I.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

II.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never with'ring flow'rs :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

III.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green :

S

So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

IV.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

V.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And view the *Canaan* that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes;

VI.

Could we but stand, as *Moses* stood,
And view the landskip o'er;
Not *Jordan's* streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN CXLIX. Long Metre.

Faith in a future State.

I.

TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk tho' deserts dark as night;
'Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

H 6

The

II.

The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the gates of heav'n appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

III.

Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
 While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
 Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

IV.

So *Abrah'm*, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God;
 His faith beheld the promis'd land,
 And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN CL. Common Metre.

Support under Trouble from the Hope of Heav'n

I.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

II.

Should foes against my peace engage,
 And cruel darts be hurl'd;

Th

Then I could smile at all their rage,
And face a frowning world.

III.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

IV.

There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN CLI. Common Metre.

Heaven invisible and holy.

I.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd,
For those who love the Son.

II.

But the good spirit of the LORD
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory, in the word,
Allure and guide us home.

Pure

III.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,
 Can see, or taste, the bliss.

IV.

Those holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame;
 None shall obtain admittance there,
 But foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN CLII. Common Metre.

The true Way to please GOD.

I.

WHerewith shall I approach the LORD
 And bow before his throne?
 Or how procure his kind regard,
 And for my guilt atone?

II.

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
 And spicy fumes ascend?
 Will these my earnest wish succeed,
 And make my God my friend?

III.

Oh! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all,
 Such off'rings are in vain:

No fatlings from the field or stall,
His favour can obtain.

IV.

To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give :
To GOD with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live.

V.

Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise :
And chearful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.

HYMN CLIII. Long Metre.

The Jewish and Christian Religion compared.

I.

TWAS not to bathe in *Jordan's* flood,
Nor touch nor taste precisely pure,
Nor holy waste of brutal blood,
Nor fast severe, nor look demure,

II.

'That could the God of *Israel* please ;
When *Amram's* son his precepts taught,
And, by such mystic rites as these,
Labour'd to moralize the thought.

At

III.

At length the Son of God appears,
 Truth drops her hieroglyphic dress,
 A nobler form religion wears,
 Adorn'd with simple holiness.

IV.

No more let zeal for mode and rite
 The name of sanctity assume;
 Leave to the solemn hypocrite
 These trappings of adult'rous Rome.

V.

Sacred to God be all within,
 From guile, from base affections free;
 So shalt thou his high friendship win,
 And beatific vision see.

HYMN CLIV. Long Metre.

New Year's Day.

I.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty ha
 By which supported still we stand;
 The op'ning year thy mercy shows;
 Thy mercy crowns it till it close.

II.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still are we guarded by our God;

By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

III.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

IV.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

V.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN CLV. Common Metre.

New Year's Day.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks compleat their rounds!
How short the months appear!

Much

II.

Much of my dubious life is done,
 Nor will return again;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few which yet remain.

III.

So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done
 God's judgment shall survey.

IV.

Awake, my soul; with utmost care,
 Thy true condition learn;
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy chief concern.

V.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his care depend;
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
 Nor doubt an happy end.

HYMN CLVI. Long Metre.

For an Ordination.

I.

GREAT LORD of angels, we adore
 The grace, that builds thy courts below
 And thro' ten thousand sons of light
 Stoops to regard what mortals do.

Am.

II.

Amidst the wastes of time and death,
 Successive pastors thou dost raise,
 Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
 And form a people for thy praise.

III.

At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
 Thy servants join th' angelic band ;
 With them thro' distant worlds they fly,
 With them before thy presence stand.

IV.

O blest employ ! O glorious hope !
 Sweet lenitive of grief and care !
 When shall we reach those radiant courts,
 And all their joys and honour share ?

V.

Yet while these labours we pursue,
 Thus distant from the heav'nly throne,
 Give us a zeal and love like their's,
 And half their heav'n shall here be known.

HYMN CLVII. Long Metre.

For a Fast-Day.

I.

GREAT God of hosts, attend our pray'r,
 And make the *British* isles thy care :
 To thee we raise our suppliant cries,
 When angry nations round us rise.

Fain

II.

Fain would they tread our glory down,
And in the dust defile our crown,
Deluge our houses with our blood,
And burn the temples of our God.

III.

But 'midst the thunder of their rage,
We thy protection would engage :
O raise thy saving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

IV.

May *Britain*, as one man, be led
To make the LORD her fear and dread ;
Our souls no other fear shall know,
Tho' earth were leagu'd with hell below.

V.

Give ear, ye countries from afar ;
Ye proud associate nations, hear ;
While fix'd on him, who rules the sky,
Our hearts your threatned war defy.

VI.

Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,
Your scatter'd force unite again ;
Again shall all that force be broke,
When God with us shall deal the stroke.

VII.

Now he records our humble tears,
With ardent vows for future years,

An

And destines for approaching days
Victorious shouts, and songs of praise.

HYMN CLVIII. Common Metre.

For a Fast Day in public Calamity.

I.

WHEN *Abra'm*, full of sacred awe,
Before **JEHOVAH** stood,
And, with a humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty *Sodom* su'd ;

II.

With what success, what wond'rous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The **LORD** would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

III.

And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Good **GOD** ! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?

IV.

Britain, all-guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast ;
See their united pray'rs ascend ;
And shall these pray'rs be lost ?

Are

V.

Are not the righteous dear to thee
 Now, as in ancient times ?
 Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrab in her crimes ?

VI.

Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
 Here yet is thine abode ;
 Long has thy presence blest our land :
 Forsake us not, O God !

VII.

O may our people, priests, and king,
 Thy choicest blessings share ;
 And know thee by that glorious name,
 " The GOD who heareth pray'r."

HYMN CLIX. Common Metre.

The Blessings of civil Government.

I.

ETERNAL sov'reign of the sky,
 And LORD of all below,
 We mortals to thy majesty
 Our first obedience owe.

II.

Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
 And bless thy providence,

F

Or magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

III.

Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

IV.

Where laws and liberties combine,
To make a people blest,
Where crowns with brightest lustre shine,
And kings are honour'd best.

V.

Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid
To *Cæsar* and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the LORD'S alone.

HYMN CLX. As the 113th Psalm.

A general national Thanksgiving.

I.

SAY, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found,
As dwells in *Britain's* favour'd isle?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads,
And bids our bleakest mountains smile.

Here.

II.

Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teacheth us to raise
Our voices in our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way

III.

These are thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our matchless blessings spring
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The raptures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

IV.

With grateful hearts, with chearful tongue
To GOD we raise united songs;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim;
Britons, thro' ev'ry age, shall own,
JEHOVAH here hath fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

V. *kingdom*

Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O still may God in *Britain* reign;
Still-crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain.

THE END.

T H E
S U B J E C T S
O F T H E
PRECEDING HYMNS.

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Verily it is by our
 sinners we are brought
 into the arms of the
 Father, who is the
 Father of the Father

May we

**his book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

